

Leitmotifs used in this excerpt

<p>[Brünnhilde's destiny]</p>  <p>Harmony: D major</p>	<p>[Significant underlying textural idea]</p> 	<p>Loge/magic figure (from <i>Rheingold</i>)</p> 
<p>Siegfried</p> 	<p>Brünnhilde's love for the Walsung twins</p>	<p>Loge/magic figure (from <i>Rheingold</i>)</p> 
<p>Wotan's farewell</p>  <p>Wotan: zum letz - ten Mal letz' es mich heut' mit des Le - be - woh - les letz - tem Kuss!</p>		
<p>Renunciation of love (from <i>Rheingold</i>)</p> 	<p>Magic sleep</p>  <p>WOTAN In fe - hen Schlaf ver - tief' ich dich</p>	
<p>Contract / Spear (from <i>Rheingold</i>)</p>		

Wagner, Die Walküre, Act III, scene 3 (conclusion)

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WOTAN

Leb' Fare

wohl, du kü - nes, herr - - li - ches Kind!
well, thou val - iant, glor - - i - ous child!

menof

Du mei - nes Her - - zens hei - - lig - ster Stolz!
Thou once the ho - - liest pride of my heart!

Leb' Fare wohl! well! leb' fare wohl! well!

mf *cresc.*

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WOTAN. *4/4*

leb' fare wohl! well

dim. *più p*

(Sehr leidenschaftlich.)
(Very passionately.)

Muss ich dich mei - - den, und darf nicht
Must I for - sake thee, and may my

min - - nig mein Gruss dich mehr grüs - - sen
wel - - come of love no more greet thee,

molto cresc.

sollst du nun nicht mehr ne - - ben mir rei - - ten, noch
may'st thou now ne'er more ride as my com - - rade, nor

pp *cresc.*

Meth beim Mahl mir rei - - - chen, muss ich ver-
 bear me mead at ban - - - quet, must I a -

f dim. p

lie - - ren dich, die ich lie - - be, du la - - chen-de
 ban - - don thee, whom I loved so, thou laugh - - ing de -

cresc. p

Lust mei - nes Au - - ges, ein
 light of my eyes - - ges, such a

p

bräut - liches Feu - er soll dir nun bren - nen, wie nie ei - ner Braut es ge-
 brid - - al fire for thee shall be kind - led as ne'er yet has burned for a

fp cresc. p

brannt! Flam - men-de Gluth
 bride! Threat - en-ing flames

f cresc. p

um - glü - he den Fels; mit zeh - renden Schrecken
 shall flare round the fell: let with - er - ing ter - rors

fp cresc. f p

scheuch' es den Za - gen; der Fei - ge flie - he Brunn - hil - de's
 daunt the cra - ven! let cow - - ards fly from Brunn - hil - de's

f p

Fels! Denn Ei - ner nur frei - e die Braut,
 rock! For one a - lone winneth the bride;

Etwas langsamer
ff dim. p cresc. f sf p ben marcato

WOTAN.

der frei- er als ich der
one fre- er than I, the
poco riten.

f *dim.* *più p*

P. + P. P. +

(Brünnhilde sinkt, gerührt und begeistert, an Wotans Brust: er hält sie lange umfassen.)
(Brünnhilde, deeply moved, sinks in ecstasy on Wotan's breast: he holds her in a long embrace.)

Gott!
god!

p *f* *p molto cresc* *ff*

P. + P. +

p *f* *p molto cresc.* *ff*

P. + P. +

p *cresc.*

P. + P. +

(Sie schlägt das Haupt wieder zurück, und blickt, immer noch ihn umfassend,
(She throws her head back again and, still embracing Wotan, gazes with
a tempo

rallent. *f* *piuf*

P. + P. + P. + P. +

feierlich ergriffen Wotan in das Auge.)
deep enthusiasm in his eyes.)

ff *dim. poco a poco*

P. P. *

poco rall. *Langsam.*

mf *dolce* *più dim.* *più p*

P. + P. + P. +

WOTAN.

Der Au - gen leuch - tendes Paar, das oft ich lä - chelnd ge -
Thy bright - ly glit - tering eyes, that, smil - ing, oft I ca -
sempre legatissimo e tenuto

pp

kos't, wenn Kam - pfeslustein Kuss dir lohn - te, wenn kin - disch lallend der
ressed, when val - our won a kiss as guer - don, when child - ish lisps of

p

P. + P. + P. +

Hel-den Lob von hol - den Lippen dir floss: dieser Au - gen strahlendes Paar das
he-roes' praise from sweetest lips has flowed forth: those gleaming ra-di-ant eyes that

oft im Sturm mir ge-glänzt wenn Hoff-nungsseh-nend das Herz mir
oft in storms on me shone, when hope-less yearning my heart had

seng-te, nach Wel-ten-won-ne mein Wunsch ver-langte, aus wild we-bendem
wast-ed, when world's de-lights all my wish-es wakened, thro' wild wil-dering

Ban-gen: zum letz-ten Mal letz' es mich heut' mit des
sad-ness: once more to-day, lured by their light, my

poco rall.

dim. *p* *dolce* *più p*

Le-be-woh-les letz-tem Kuss! Dem glück-licher'n Man-ne glän-ze sein
lips shall give them love's fare-well! On mor-tal more blessed once may they

Stern: dem un-se-li-gen Ew-igen muss es schei-dend sich
beam: on me, hap-less im-mor-tal, must they close now for

(Er fasst ihr Haupt in beide Hände.)
(He clasps her head in his hands.)

schlies-sen. Denn so kehrt der Gott sich dir
e-ver. For so turns the god now from

(Er küsst sie lange auf die Augen.)
(He kisses her long on the eyes.)

ab, so küsst er die Gott-heit von dir!
thee, so kis-ses thy god-hood a-way!

pp *ppp* *dolcissimo*

P. (u.c.)

(Sie sinkt mit geschlossenen Augen, sanft ermattend, in seine Arme zurück. Er geleitet sie zart auf einen niedrigen Mooshügel
(She sinks back with closed eyes, unconscious, in his arms. He gently bears her to a low mossy mound, which is overshadowed

zu liegen, über den sich eine breitästige Tanne ausstreckt.)
(by a wide-spreading fir tree, and lays her upon it.)

für den Helm: sein Auge weilt dann auf der Gestalt der Schlafenden, die er nun mit dem grossen Stahlschild der Walküren ganz
her helmet: his eyes then rest on the form of the sleeper, which he now completely covers with the great steel shield of the

sudeckt. — Langsam kehrt er sich ab, mit einem schmerzlichen Blicke wendet er sich noch einmal um.)
Valkyrie. — He turns slowly away, then again turns round with a sorrowful look.)

(Er schreitet mit feierlichem Entschlusse in die Mitte der Bühne, und kehrt die Spitze seines Speeres gegen einen mächtigen Felsstein.)
(He strides with solemn decision to the middle of the stage and directs the point of his spear towards a large rock.)

WOTAN.

(Er stösst mit dem Folgenden dreimal mit dem Speer auf den Stein.) (Erster Stoss.) (First stroke.)
(During the following he strikes the rock thrice with his spear.)

Fels!
fell!

Lo - ge!
Lo - ge!

p *cresc.* *più cresc.*

(Zweiter.)
(Second.)

(Dritter.)
(Third.)
Au

(Dem Stein entfährt ein Feuerstrahl.
(A flash of flame issues from

Lo - gel hie - her!
 Lo - ge! ap - pear!

(A flash of flame issues from)

f

p

Lichte Brunst umgibt Wotan mit wildem Flackern. Er weis't mit dem Speere geble-
Bright shooting flames surround Wotan. With his spear he directs the sea of fire

Bright shooting flames surround Nolan: With his spear he directs the sea of fire

ff *sempre stacc.* *dim.*

P.

fortwährend den Bergsaum umlodert.)

p *dolce* *sempre legato* *sempre stacc.*

P. *P.* *P.* *P.*

WOTAN.

Wer mei - nes Spee - res
 He who my spear - point's

cresc. - poco -

P.

Spit - ze fürch - tet durch -
 sharp - ness fear - eth shall

a poco

P. *P.* *P.*

schrei - te das Feu - er nie!
 cross not the flam - ing fire!

P. *P.* *P.* *P.*

(Er streckt den Speer wie zum Banne aus.)
 (He stretches out the spear as a spell.)

f *più cresc.*

P. *pesante* *p marcato* *P.* *P.*

ff

P. *P.* *P.*

(Er blickt schmerzlich auf Brünnhilde zurück.)
 (He gazes sorrowfully back on Brünnhilde.)

dim. *p*

P. *P.* *sehr ausdrucksvoll* *P.*

dim.

P. *P.* *P.* *P.*

più p

P. *P.* *P.* *P.*

(Er wendet sich langsam zum Gehen.)
(Slowly he turns to depart.)

(Er wendet sich nochmals mit dem Haupt und blickt zurück.)
(He turns his head again and looks back.)

(Er verschwindet durch das Feuer.)
(He disappears through the fire.)

(Vorhang fällt.)
(Curtain falls.)

Wotan

Farewell, you bold, wonderful child!
You, my heart's holiest pride.
Farewell, farewell, [291] farewell!
If I must reject you
and may not lovingly
greet you again with my greeting,
if you may no longer ride beside me,
or bring me [292] mead at table;
if I must lose you whom I have loved
you, laughing joy of my eyes:
then a bridal fire shall burn for you,
as it never burned for any bride!
[293] A blaze of flame shall burn round the rock;
with devouring terror
let it scare the fainthearted;
let cowards run away from Brünnhilde's rock!
For only one shall win the bride,
[294] one freer than I, the God!
[295] That bright pair of eyes
that often I fondled with smiles,
when lust of battle won you a kiss,
when childlike chatter [296] in praise of heroes
flowed from your dear lips:
that radiant pair of eyes
that often in tempests blazed at me,
when hopeful yearning burned up my heart,

when for worldly joy my desires longed
amid wild weaving fear:
for the last time
let them delight me today
with [297] farewell's last kiss!
May their star shine
for that happier man:
for the luckless immortal
they must close in parting.
For thus the God departs from you,
thus he kisses your godhead away!
[299] Loge, hear me! Harken here!
As I found you first, a fiery blaze,
As once you vanished from me,
a random fire;
as I allied with you, so [300] today I conjure you!
Arise, magic flame,
girdle the rock with fire for me!
Loge! Loge! Come here!
[302] Whosoever fears the tip of my spear
shall never pass through the fire!

Translation taken from liner notes to 1966
recording of *Die Walküre* (Hotter, Nilsson, King,
Crispin; Vienna Philharmonic, Solti) Decca 455
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